[fic] Famine, you hungry bastard.

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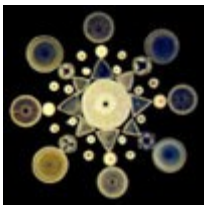

Yes, I *know* I said I was writer's blocked. Well apparently staring at a WIP for long enough gets it finished. That and the right music.

Title: Famine, you hungry bastard.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Characters: Famine, Dean.
Rating: PG-13 for violence, death and disturbing content.
Warnings: Character death, dark Lucifer wins AU.
Word Count: 1,137 words.
Summary: Even without his ring, Famine is a horseman, and Dean Winchester was empty inside. Famine seeks him out.
Notes: AU for everything past 5x14, really. I started writing this back before 5x19, and only afterwards fixed up Death's part in it. There are Good Omens cameos/references, too. (War is War is War, after all.)

In short, dark AU about Famine and what he said about Dean when he met him. Also, assume that Lucifer won at some point during the fic.

"Already *dead*." Famine repeated to himself, touching the severed finger of his right hand.

They had weakened him, taken a symbol that he had placed power in, but they had not killed or banished him. Nothing could do that, not to a loosed Horseman. He had spoken to War, seen his severed finger. Told him that Pestilence was coming, and soon.

They had parted ways, leaving a town torn apart after bloody fights over mutual wants. War had always enjoyed working with Famine, and Famine recalled War's cheerful greeting and farewell.

But that was past, and now Famine wanted to see the big gaping hole in his radar. Eating his way across America had restored him enough to walking, and soon he would be as physically strong as War was. It took longer without a demon escort, but that was just fine.

Famine drove his steed, now, and the SUV left chaos in its wake as it drove in as straight a line as it could. Famine had a *purpose*, and Dean Winchester couldn't hide from him. He could feel the nothing in Dean, he knew where he was: no angelic hiding sigils could work against a Horseman.

Dean Winchester could run, but he couldn't hide.

His coworker was in town before he was, in the flesh. (His coworker was everywhere, actually, but to see him in person -)

Famine got out of his SUV and walked to a store, eating souls as he went. Corpses and crashed cars littered the street, and he heard the click of a cane. "Good evening." Famine stopped, watching his coworker.

"Famine. I left you your anomaly."

"Kind of you."

"His time isn't up." A cold chill passed him, and Famine moved along. Not even he felt comfortable near that one. He heard the purr of the pale steed, and then he entered the store.

There were people fallen in the aisles, and Famine stepped around them, growing younger and stronger as he ate their souls. He approached the back of the store, and heard a groan as his anomaly woke up.

Dean Winchester was pinned under a dead form, the only survivor in a town hit hard by accidents and natural causes that were perhaps a tad too early. Famine didn't help him move the body, nor did he help him stand. He stood and watched in silence as Dean realized exactly who he had moved, and didn't smile when Dean finally focused on him.

"You *bastard*," and Dean lunged at him. Famine smiled at the only remaining Mister Winchester and caught his wrists.

"You aren't grieving, are you?" Famine asked, tone dry and brittle as aged paper. "You aren't angry. You're empty, Dean."

Dean fought in his grip, but Famine had been eating. Famine smiled and opened his mouth, eating the soul of the former angel on the floor, and he watched the empty look in Dean's eyes.

The angel tasted delicious, even with the taints of humanity within it.

"You bastard, you utter, utter *bastard*..."

Famine looked within Dean again, probing to the best of his ability, and when he was finished he let Dean go.

"Death wouldn't have touched you, Dean, not if you insulted him to his face.

There's so much you've lost, and you don't even want it back."

"You're wrong."

"Without your angel, your soul is slipping, Dean. But you *won't die*." Famine had to smile. He had to lift his good hand to cup Dean's cheek, and now Dean couldn't budge his hand, even when he slapped at it. "There's nothing for me to eat here."

He lowered his hand and turned away, chuckling.

A clockwork toy, nothing more. Once Dean Winchester wound down, there would be nothing left.

That was the crux of it, after all. No human could survive without want, and no human could survive with too much want. Death wouldn't take Dean Winchester, and with his angel dead there was nothing to return Dean's balance.

When Famine turned back to Dean, Dean was standing over the body of his angel, going through the motions of grieving.

"When you run out of motions to go through, Dean Winchester," Famine said, ignoring the meaningless glare Dean shot him. "You will simply stop. I will return for you then."

Famine thought of clockwork as he walked away, leaving Dean alone.

The next time his anomaly attracted his attention was eighteen months later, when the hole in his radar didn't move for a month. Famine supposed the time was right for him to visit and collect the broken machinery, but as he approached Pontiac, Illinois, he was joined by War.

War was riding a red motorbike, now, and a sword rested on the back of it. She smiled at him, and his SUV obliged him and became a motorbike. The twin roars didn't drown out their conversation.

"You're going to check on him, aren't you?"

"He hasn't moved." Famine adjusted his sunglasses, glancing at the red sun. "And Lucifer's taking his sweet time, is he?"

"We've only got one Apocalypse, and he doesn't want it over too soon. He's also put off killing Michael again." War spat on the road as she went along, and Famine knew she spit blood. "Michael the perpetually injured has a nice ring to it, though."

"You would like that."

"You're occupied by this. Find me afterward, alright?"

"I will, War." Famine smiled, brittle. He knew where she would be, as he would follow in the aftermath to see the starved and desperate.

Her motorbike roared as she changed course away from him.

He found Dean Winchester at a grave, in the middle of prayer. The prayer was meaningless, and didn't go anywhere. It was simply the last act in Dean's clockwork.

Famine watched him for an hour, before he approached and turned Dean's face to his. He had to laugh, the sound dry as he saw how the emptiness had spread.

"You're perfect, Dean."

Dean didn't move, as he didn't want to. He didn't feel anything, as he didn't want to. He didn't do anything, as he didn't want to.

Famine twisted his now-recovered ring and *pushed*, and nothing came out. He laughed again, pushing Dean over with little effort.

"A completely empty human, free from want."

Famine stood back, taking in the sight, from the wet-with-bloody-rain grass to the red sky to the simple grave marker in the ground. And Dean, broken empty Dean slumped in the grass. It was perfect.

Famine opened his mouth and gestured, and Dean's empty soul left his body. His body didn't look any different from a minute ago, even with the soul fluttering at Famine's mouth. Famine ate it, and he considered a meal well prepared.

Fine souls, like wines, took time to age to perfection.